

DELUSIONS IN HD

RIZZ

Prelude

She grabbed my hand—out of nowhere, without warning, like come rishi, why are you latee! —and pulled me toward the dingy little printout shop behind the PG block. It smelled like old ink and new panic. Her fingers were warm. Mine were cold, slightly clammy, and spiritually unprepared.

“Come fast, or we’ll miss the shop,” she said, and I nodded like an obedient side character in her film. I didn’t even know what we were printing. Assignments, probably. Or a government form. I would’ve printed her grocery list if she asked. Hell, I did once.

That moment felt like something out of a dream—one where nothing made sense, but you didn’t want to wake up. Her eyes, fierce and distracted, pulled me in. I was following her not just to the printer, but into the absolute mess of emotions I hadn’t signed up for.

And that's when I realized—somewhere between the paper jam and my mental breakdown—I wasn't just observing anymore. I was in it. The so-called Silent Investigator had become the first suspect in his own emotional case.

Chapter 1 – Silent Investigator

Of course, I wasn't supposed to feel anything. I was supposed to be the observer, the quiet one. The guy who notices everything but says nothing. The one who writes mental footnotes about people's weird behavior and then quietly laughs about it while pretending to study.

I have a friend. He lives exclusively in my head. Never pays rent. Eats all my thoughts. His name is Mr. K.

He's my delusion, my decision-maker, my emotional arsonist, and the self-appointed CEO of Bad Timing™. If there's a mess, chances are Mr. K either made it, encouraged it, or is currently narrating it with unnecessary drama.

So this was the first day of college. Postgrad, baby. I stood at the entrance of my block, staring up at it like it was the set of a psychological thriller.

“This is the place you’ve got to survive for two whole years,” I whispered to myself.

Mr. K didn’t flinch.

> “You’re Da Vinci, macha. Don’t worry,” he said, in that overly confident, shoulder-tap voice of his—the one that usually gets me into trouble disguised as adventure.

And off I went, into the lion’s den: the entrance exam hall. My hands clutching a roll of art supplies like I was about to paint my own destiny. Or at least not fail the first day.

Then came the prompt:

“A girl and her mother playing in the rain—but the mother is scolding her.”

Piece of cake, right?

“This is your jam, bro. This is literally you in metaphor form,” Mr. K whispered with unnecessary swagger.

So I started sketching. Lines flowing. Brain focused. Heart pretending to be calm.

That’s when she walked in.

Late. Like a film heroine making her entrance in slow motion.

She had eyeliner so sharp it could have sliced my GPA. Her dress was a color I still can’t name but will never forget. She walked in like she’d done this a hundred times—and then sat down like a tornado in a teacup.

And then...

She looked around.

She didn't have a pencil.

Mr. K nearly passed out.

“WHO comes to an art entrance exam without a pencil?
This is pure chaos. I love it. She's insane. We're in love.”

She turned to me, smiled—smiled, I tell you—and asked:

“Hey... do you have an extra pencil?”

I handed it over like it was my heart.

She laughed. Polite. Casual. Like she hadn't just short-circuited my emotional wiring.

Mr. K?

Silent.

For once.

Just quietly screaming in the background.

And that... was the beginning of the delusion.

Chapter 2 - *Idk why she's making me laugh*

After the entrance exam chaos and the pencil prophecy, college officially began. Day two rolled in like a weird dream that smelled faintly of whiteboard markers and hostel food.

New professors. New subjects. New humans making awkward eye contact during roll call.

I ended up sitting next to this one guy. He started talking to me like we'd known each other in a past life—super casual, very unbothered.

Mr. K leaned in and whispered,

“He's just like you, bro. Very stupid. You're gonna get along just fine.”

And just like that, I had a friend.

But then—I found out something wild.

This guy, this so-called friendly sidekick, went and submitted our group assignment solo.

Without telling me.

We had talked about submitting it together, hand in hand like a nerdy Thelma and Louise.

I asked him, “Bro... what?”

And he goes,

“Nevermind. I'm like this. I can't ignore deadlines.”

—

Mr. K clapped in the background like a sarcastic stage mom.

“Wow. What a legend. Loyalty? Zero. But deadline discipline? 10/10.”

Then came the unexpected bonus pack:

Two crazy new friends.

Loud. Dramatic. Completely unfiltered.

And her. The girl who kept calling my name like an alarm clock with a crush:

“Rishi! Rishi! Come sit in the front with me!”

—

I was busy, mind you—deep in the trenches of sketching every person’s head like a yearbook criminal profiler. But she wouldn’t stop. Her voice was new, unfamiliar, and for some reason, comforting.

Mr. K peeked out like a confused raccoon.

“Who’s this now? Is she... trying to boost your self-esteem? Is this a setup?”

But I liked her vibe.

So I went. I sat in the front.

And entered her chaotic friend group like an accidental guest star in a sitcom:

The nonstop talker who says things like “I don’t gossip but listen to this...”

The problem generator who lives for drama and has it on speed dial.

The one who called me, watching me like a detective observing a suspect and just laughing.

Mr. K screamed,

“WHAT. IN THE WORLD. IS THIS GROUP. LORD HAVE MERCY.”

But secretly?

I loved it.

This week?

Was fun.

Chapter 3 – Madness arrived

Then there was this guy who sat next to me—

And I swear, he talked exactly like me.

Same expressions. Same nonsense. Same reactions to professors acting like they're on TED Talk stages.

I turned to Mr. K, wide-eyed.

“Bro... why is this guy literally me?”

And Mr. K, sipping imaginary coffee, smirked:

“You’ve found your frequency, macha. Wavelength match confirmed.”

I loved hanging out with him. It felt like I was finally having a conversation with someone who understood all the weird chaos that lives rent-free in my head.

And then came her.

Now—she’s not exactly funny. Not in the usual, stand-up comedy kind of way.

But she’s seriously funny. Like accidentally hilarious.

Unintentionally comedic. She’d say the most absurd things with a straight face and I’d just... lose it.

Mr. K blinked.

“How can someone be both funny and not funny at the same time? This girl’s a paradox.”

She and I started walking to the railway station every day after class.

She talked a lot. Like a podcast with no pause button.

She had these thoughts—so different from mine. Wildly opposite takes on life, people, movies, food—you name it.

Mr. K was baffled.

“She’s absurd. Like full-blown upside-down logic.”

But I liked her.

She made the after-class walk feel like an alternate universe.

And somehow, even with all the differences,
It made sense.

In that nonsense sort of way.

The front row girl gang?

Oh my god. They were like walking, talking, laughing chaos.

Every day, it was like sitting in the front row of a live talk show that had zero scripts and no commercial breaks.

They couldn’t stop talking. Ever. Even if the professor was right there—explaining something about perspective or deadlines or whatever—we were all getting drowned in giggles and gossip.

Mr. K leaned back with invisible sunglasses on, soaking it in:

“Macha, I like them. They’re like radios that never shut up. Top-tier entertainment.”

And me? I loved it.

Every day, I took selfies with them—making weird faces, pulling silly poses, immortalizing our nonsense.

It was like a scrapbook of madness I didn’t know I needed.

Then there was her.

Not the girl who made me laugh for no reason. No.

This one was different. The unreachable type.

If college had leagues, she was several above mine.

A total nerd—but not the quiet kind.

The scary kind. The kind who could talk in front of the class like she owned the mic and the syllabus.

Smart. Funny. Too energetic.

Like if caffeine had a human form and a perfect attendance record.

Mr. K froze the moment she walked up to speak.

“Who is she? Why is she touching your inner nerd like this? You better calm down, bro. This is not your league. Abort.”

But I couldn't. I watched her talk like she was casting spells with her words.

Somewhere in between the unstoppable girl gang, the buddy who mirrored my thoughts, the paradox who walked me to the station, and the girl who made speaking look like performance art...

I realized:

This was my gang now.

My rollercoaster.

My emotional buffet with extra spice.

And Mr. K? He just whispered:

“I love this crazy mess. Let’s keep riding it till we crash.”

—

Chapter 4 – Accidentally, entirely her's.

Her name was Nastenka, the nerd, the out of the league girl, idk why I changed routines suddenly for her, somethings not working,

Mr k was just sleeping at the time, chilling, not thinking about anything.

The first day she asked me...

We came so early....also I didn't ate my breakfast..we can meet at thr nearby cafe and I'll finish my breakfast and we'll go at the correct time... And I don't know why I loved that...

After a week that became a routine like we re going to the cafe every morning at 6 am and I'm even making sandwiches just for her....and we'll order a coffee and a teanas was the tea lover and I love coffee....I often ask who the hell drinks tea and shell ask is human even drink coffee and we'll chat and we'll go....

Mr k often ask me you everyday going to classes late but this time you wake up early, making sandwiches,. Uhh what is this?

But I don't know why I loved evert moment with her...in the coffee shop she drinks the cofee like a baby...sipping slowly and I would watch her all day drinking..lol

Mrk said alright alright don't look intensely in her it'll be mess at last.

But I didn't care at all

The way she's talking texting on her phone, even the neutral expression.

When she's angry, the smile at the end of her lips were oh my god. Thats heavenly way to get cursed....

The way she ask me everyday can we take a selfie...and I just laugh and do whatever she says...

And everyday at the end of the class I would walk with her to her bus stand and wait and I'll go after she leavee

She daily waving me byeeeeee hands even whrn the bus is going beyond the horizon...

When o walk alone after I leave her she sends me byee message after that...

Mr k always say just 2 years bruh. Stfu and get going...

And I dk I would love to walk with her when were leaving..

And I bought her gifts first time when I went outside without her....I loved her reaction...like it's just a thanks rishi but my translations in delusions are Thank you rishi..for this.

Chapter 5 - When the last bus came.

Huhh....

I don't know when she started to disappear.

Maybe the moment she moved to the hostel.

Maybe the moment the walks to the bus stop stopped being ours.

She changed rooms. And with that—everything changed.

No more coffee mornings.

No more crossing the road with reckless jokes.

No more pretending the world was small enough to stay in forever.

The goodbye wasn't dramatic. It never is.

Just a simple wave at the intersection—left for the railway station, right for her hostel.

She said bye. I wanted to walk her. Just once.

Just once more.

Annoy her.

Poke her shoulder.

Say something dumb just to make her glare.

Maybe she hated it.

But I didn't know how to love quietly.

There was this one day—last time I really laughed.

She was balancing her phone on her head while it charged. Wire dangling like a trap.

I said, “The phone will deffo fall on your head.”

She rolled her eyes. “Moodu,” she muttered—shut up.

And then the phone fell. Right on her forehead.

She was stunned. Nearly cried.

I asked, “Is it hurting?”

She didn't answer. Just stared.

Then she threw her laptop bag at me.

I crouched and laughed like an idiot.

Mr. K said, “She's insane, bruh.”

And I said, “Yeah, but she’s the kind of insane I’ll miss forever.”

Now... it’s quiet.

Home.

No footsteps beside mine. No teasing, no arguments.

Just old walls. Familiar. Cozy. But lonelier than they used to be.

I don’t expect anyone to ask me to be their friend anymore.

But I don’t regret any of it.

Not the laughter.

Not the glares.

Not the silence that followed.

She faded.

Even the closest ones do.

And somehow, I knew she would.

Chapter 6 - where I thought I'd fall, they caught me

When the one I thought was the protagonist faded from my story, something strange happened. I met a bunch of crazy people—right before post-grad ended. Unlikely, loud, lovable people. The kind you don't expect to become part of your plot, but somehow sneak into your pages anyway.

Ree, the Crazy Talker

She was supposed to be her sidekick. Just background noise. Then we ended up stranded together at a railway station, and I realized—oh no, she's definitely crazy. But crazy in the way that clicks with my kind of chaos. At first, I hated how she saw the world. Too loud. Too weird. Too her. But slowly, I saw the things in her that I never thought I'd notice. Things I needed. She's lazy like me. Real lazy. And real wonderful.

The Selfish Guy

I thought he was selfish. Still kinda is. But now I see him clearer—talkative, goofy, a surprising soft place to land. I never imagined I'd have a friend like him. A walking contradiction. Somehow, exactly what I needed.

The Savage Trio

There was this girl who kept dragging me to the front of the line. The loud one. The bossy one. I used to roll my eyes. Then she made my life matter. The day she said, “You ignored me,” it broke something in me. Because I hadn’t meant to. I just... got distracted by survival. She was always there, calling me to show up—not just to the front of the line, but to myself.

And then there’s the crybaby—the indecisive, overly emotional, utterly irreplaceable friend I didn’t know I’d adore. Every friendship came wrapped in chaos. But it was our chaos.

As post-grad ends, it feels like a curtain falling on a play I didn’t realize I was starring in. It’s bittersweet. Like the taste of something that lingers—melancholy, and a little sweet.

And then... the last day.

I walked through the gates of college with no regrets. No bitterness. Just a quiet kind of peace. Smiles on every face I loved. I even got to walk with Nas, all the way to her hostel. Slow, quiet. A lovely slow burn of a moment, like time was stretching itself thin just to let us have it.

And yet, the ending still stung. Not because it was bad—but because it had to end.